VISIT…

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™

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Inside:

LOVE IN HELL

John Rozum
Rod Whigham

Larry Wachowski
Denys Cowan

Nicholas Vince
Sam Kieth

foreword
D.G. Chichester

With My Lips
John Rozum
writer
Rod Whigham
artist
Matt Hollingsworth
color artist
Phil Felix
letterer

Devil's Brigade, Part Ten: Black and White
Denys Cowan
artist
Noelle Giddings
color artist
Michael Heisler
letterer

Devil's Brigade Part Eleven: Believe the Sinners
Nicholas Vince
writer
Sam Kieth
artist
Sam Parsons
color artist
Phil Felix
letterer

afterword
Marc McLaurin

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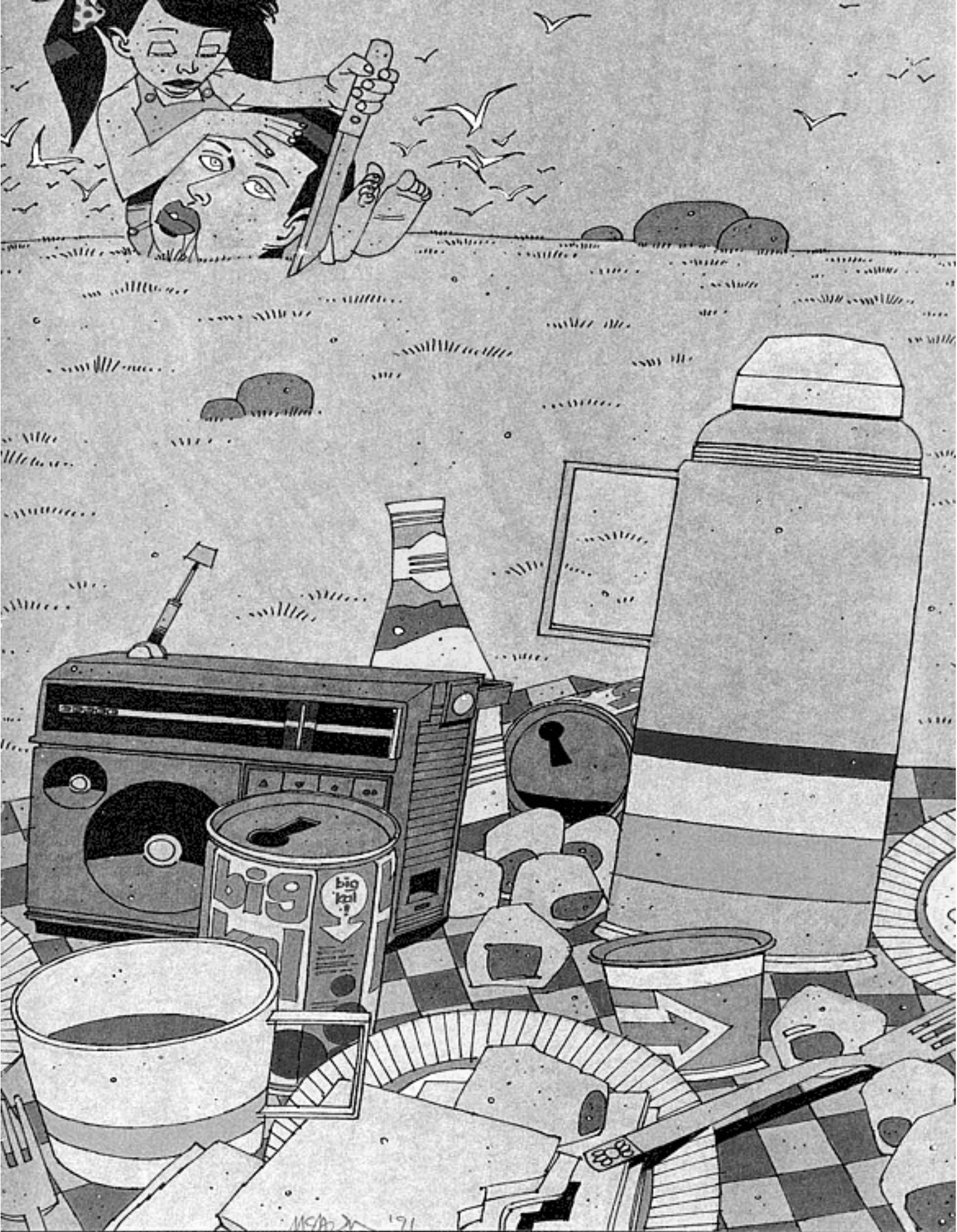
big kid
big kid

FOREWORD

It's been suggested by those in low places (which, by the inverse logic that governs this celebration of the infernal, means very high up editorially) that a refresher course in the finer points of The Devil's Brigade might be in order, especially as we enter the home stretch on this sprawling shared universe sin-fest. So, gentle reader and dear student of the abyss, crack the spine on your. . .notebook; sharpen the point on your. . .pencil; and do try and keep up as we make the trip *down*. . .

Hell has entered what they call the "Time Of Configuration," a laconic way of saying that the very fabric of diabolic reality is about to come apart at the hellish seams. Six humans stand at crossroads of order and chaos: Michael Decourcy, leader of a white South African republic that stands for democracy or fascism; Father Peter Abaddon, an earnest televangelist whose broadcasts promise enlightenment or inquisition; Leo Shabel, whose community projects will either draw a neighborhood together or fill its gutters with blood; Lester George and Jillian Elliot, inner city cops set to be champions of inter-racial relations or the cause of a city-wide race riot; and Dr. Casey Gioeli, whose medical crusade will either find a cure for AIDS or release another deadly plague of her own creation.

Five Cenobites must use their fiendish influence to set the humans on the path of order: Abigor, a fierce female warrior; Balberith, the wicked, shuffling librarian of the pit's darkest tomes; Face, Hell's resident thespian, wearing skin-masks of comedy and tragedy; the upredictable Atkins, whose brutal temper is almost as large as his sulphurous weaponry; and the nameless one, damnation's favorite son whose piercings ring his head in endless rows of icy pins that proclaim his everlasting allegiance to the cause of Hell and its god, Leviathan.

If order comes out in the majority, Hell will prevail and move forward in its war on the flesh; if chaos should carry the day, then the carefully contained structure of the inferno will be no more. . .and what would you do with that $4.50 every six weeks? But best not to dwell on such dire forecasts, not when there are others out there to do it for you. John Rozum and Rod Whigham team up for an insider's view of romance in hell in "With My Lips" with color by Matthew Hollingsworth; The Book Of The Damned's Larry Wachowski teams with Deathlok's Denys Cowan on "Black & White," a boiling point for the aforementioned Michael Decourcy's tenuous regime; and in "Believe The Sinners," Nicholas Vince (soon to be appearing behind the keyboard in Nightbreed!) matches up with Sam Kieth (very hot over in Marvel Comics Presents!) and Sam Parsons as Balberith brings Father Abaddon to the edge
. . .and beyond.

Got all that? You'll want to study hard — there'll be a test later.

And predictably enough for this course, it's a killer. . .

— Daniel Chichester
consulting editor

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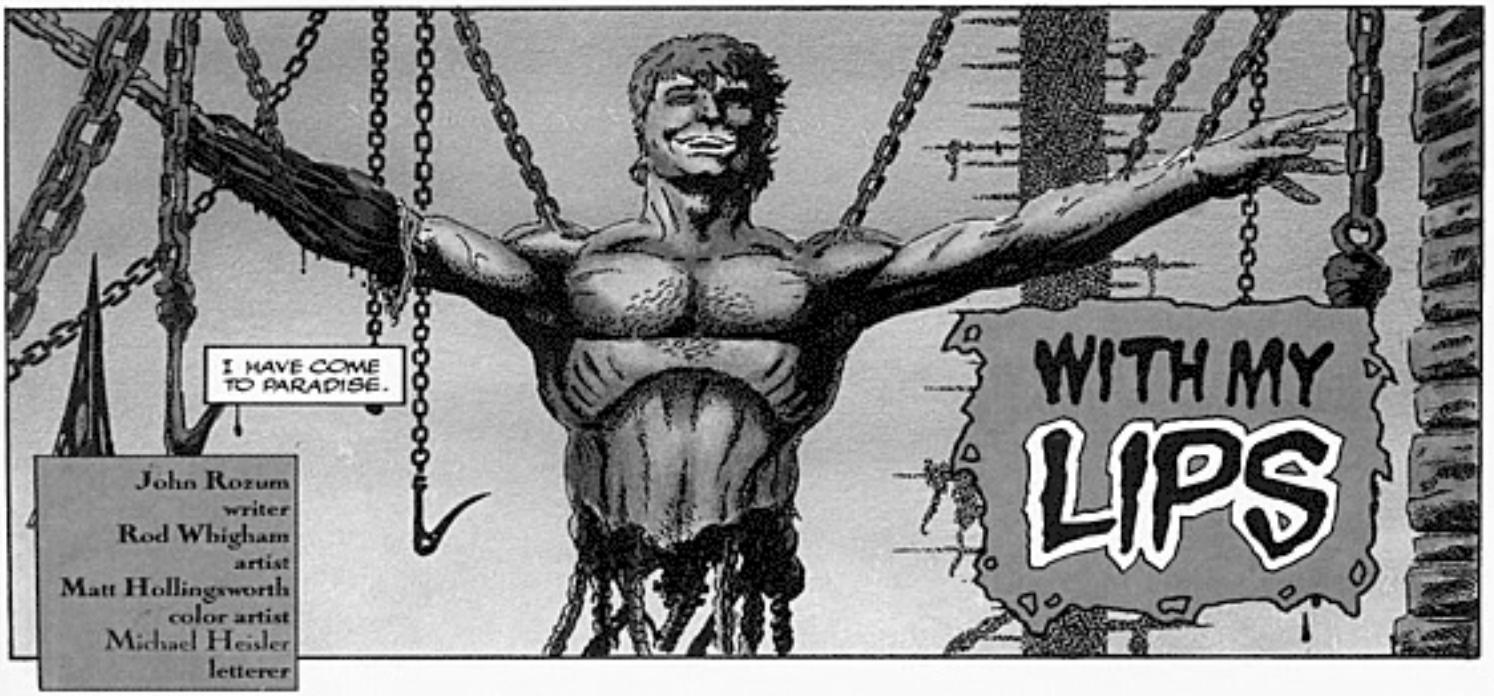


John Rozum
writer
Rod Whigham
artist
Matt Hollingsworth
color artist
Michael Heisler
letterer

THAT THING ABOUT TEACHING OLD DOGS NEW TRICKS? IT'S A LIE.
THOSE ARE THE BEST ONES TO LEARN. THEY'RE THE MOST GRATIFYING.

SUCH AS SOLVING THE PUZZLE WHICH OPENED WIDE THE GATES OF HELL; WHICH BESTOWED UPON ME HELL'S RICH REWARDS.

THE CENOBITES PROVIDED ME WITH WHAT THEY HAD PROMISED; "PLEASURE BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS." I'M SURPRISED THEY DIDN'T LAUGH AT MY EXPECTATIONS.

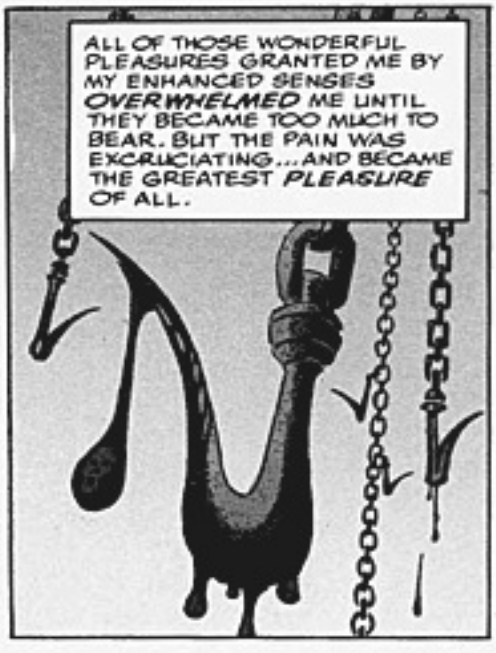
I EXPECTED GREAT SEX. HIGHS LIKE NO DRUG COULD PROVIDE. DREAMS MADE REAL. MUNDANE COMPARED TO WHAT THEY GAVE ME!

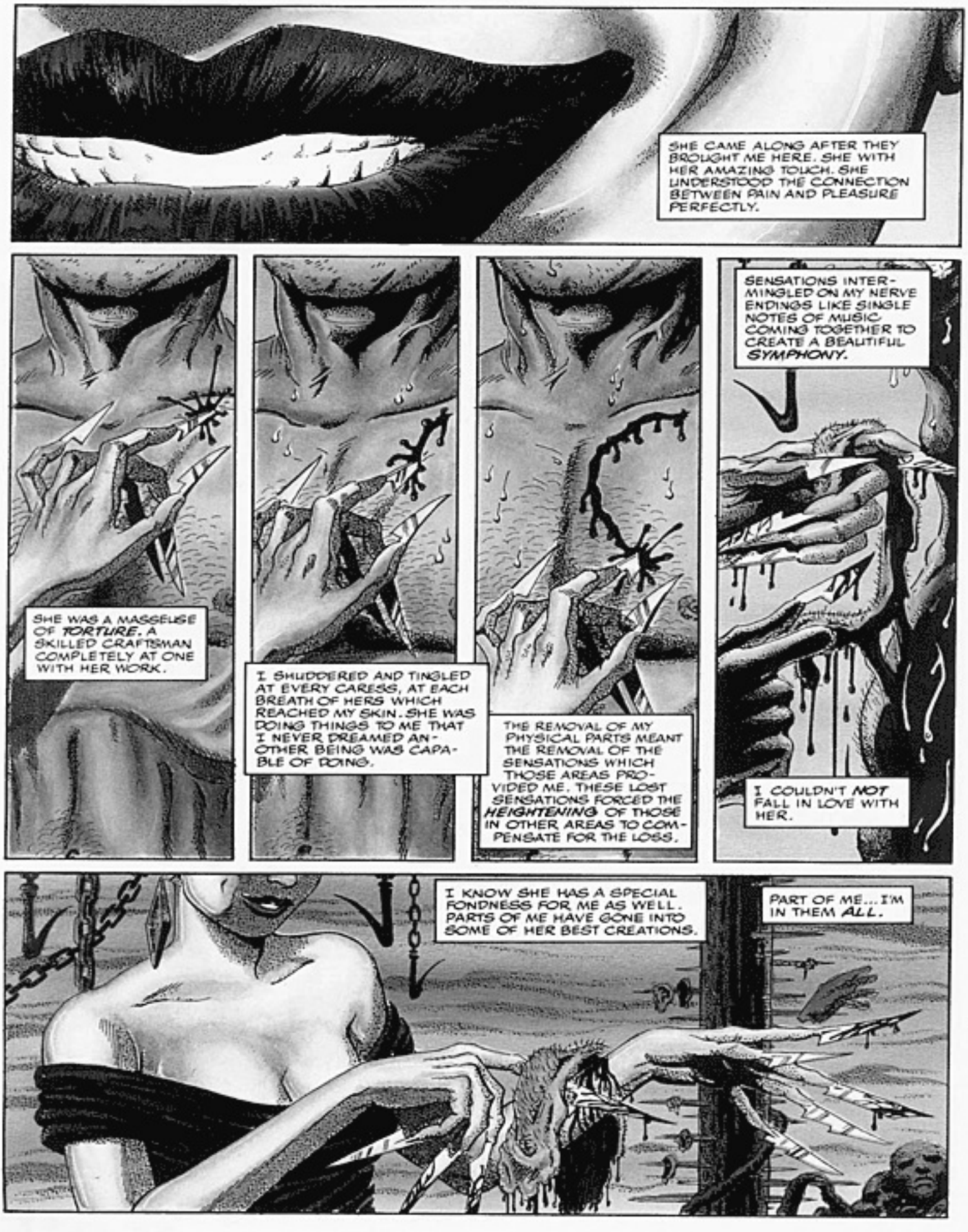
HEIGHTENED SENSES. THE ABILITY TO FEEL THE TERROR IN A BIRD'S HEART, SMELL THE SALT IN A TEAR RUNNING DOWN A BABY'S CHEEK, TASTE A BUMBLEBEE ON A GRAIN OF POLLEN LOST IN FLIGHT...

...TO HEAR WATER FLOW THROUGH THE VEINS OF A DYING LEAF, SEE A FLAKE OF DEAD SKIN TRAPPED BETWEEN THE FLOORBOARDS...

...AND THE PAIN/PASSION OF MEMORIES SO REAL THAT I WAS THROWN INTO A TEMPORAL BACKLASH.

THEY GAVE ME ALL OF THIS AND THE GREATEST PLEASURE OF ALL. IN HINDSIGHT I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT I OVERLOOKED IT IN LIFE.
LIKE THE SNAPPY COMEBACK WHICH ONLY COMES LONG AFTER THE INCIDENT ITSELF HAS PASSED.


ALL OF THOSE WONDERFUL PLEASURES GRANTED ME BY MY ENHANCED SENSES OVERWHELMED ME UNTIL THEY BECAME TOO MUCH TO BEAR. BUT THE PAIN WAS EXCRUCIATING...AND BECAME THE GREATEST PLEASURE OF ALL.


SHE CAME ALONG AFTER THEY BROUGHT ME HERE. SHE WITH HER AMAZING TOUCH. SHE UNDERSTOOD THE CONNECTION BETWEEN PAIN AND PLEASURE PERFECTLY.
SHE WAS A MASSEUSE OF TORTURE. A SKILLED CRAFTSMAN COMPLETELY AT ONE WITH HER WORK.
I SHUDDERED AND TINGLED AT EVERY CARESS, AT EACH BREATH OF HERS WHICH REACHED MY SKIN. SHE WAS DOING THINGS TO ME THAT I NEVER DREAMED ANOTHER BEING WAS CAPABLE OF DOING.
THE REMOVAL OF MY PHYSICAL PARTS MEANT THE REMOVAL OF THE SENSATIONS WHICH THOSE AREAS PROVIDED ME. THESE LOST SENSATIONS FORCED THE HEIGHTENING OF THOSE IN OTHER AREAS TO COMPENSATE FOR THE LOSS.
SENSATIONS INTERMINGLED ON MY NERVE ENDINGS LIKE SINGLE NOTES OF MUSIC COMING TOGETHER TO CREATE A BEAUTIFUL SYMPHONY.
I COULDN'T NOT FALL IN LOVE WITH HER.
I KNOW SHE HAS A SPECIAL FONDNESS FOR ME AS WELL. PARTS OF ME HAVE GONE INTO SOME OF HER BEST CREATIONS.
PART OF ME... I'M IN THEM ALL.

IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN ABOUT HER WHEN THE OTHER CENOBITES HAD ASKED ME WHAT IT WAS I DESIRED. MY PASSION FOR HER AND WHAT SHE DID TO ME TRANSCENDED ANYTHING THAT MERE WORDS SUCH AS LUST, OR EVEN LOVE COULD ENCOMPASS.
IF ONLY I COULD'VE TOLD HER HOW I FELT...
...BUT MY TONGUE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS TO GO.
MR. SHINE NEEDS A PANCREAS, MY SWEET, AND YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A GOOD PROVIDER.
CLITCH!
"MY SWEET." SHE CALLED ME HER SWEET. HER VOICE WAS LIKE THE SIGH OF AN ANGEL AND PROVIDED ME WITH THE COOLEST CHILL WHENEVER I HEARD IT.
WHENEVER SHE WAS NEAR I EXPERIENCED A SEXUAL HIGH LIKE NONE I'D EVER KNOWN. GOD, HOW I WANTED HER.
IF ONLY I COULD'VE TOLD HER.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE TROUBLE CAME TO PARADISE.
IT HADN'T BEEN THE FIRST TIME HE'D COME. THE DELIVERY BOY HAD BEEN HERE COUNTLESS TIMES BEFORE. IT WAS HIS "JOB." HE EVEN BROUGHT ME.
AFTER A WHILE I SENSED THERE WAS ANOTHER REASON HE KEPT COMING BACK.
IT WAS A REASON THAT I DID NOT LIKE.
DID NOT LIKE ONE BIT.
I PRAYED WITH EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING THAT I WAS WRONG, THAT I WAS READING TOO MUCH INTO THINGS, MISINTERPRETING THEM. BUT I KNEW I WASN'T. I WAS ABOUT TO DISCOVER THE DRAWBACKS OF HAVING HEIGHTENED SENSES.
AS TIME PROGRESSED, THINGS ONLY GOT WORSE. ANY DENIALS WHICH I TRIED TO PRESERVE WERE QUICKLY CRUSHED.
I WAS RAPIDLY LEARNING THE TRUTH ABOUT PAIN. A PAIN DEEPER THAN ANY I'VE EVER BEEN EXPOSED TO.
EVEN HERE, IN HELL.
A PAIN WHICH COULD NEVER BE MISTAKEN FOR PLEASURE.

HELL IS NOT THAT MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THE WORLD FROM WHICH I CAME. HERE ALSO, IT OFTEN TAKES AN ACTION OF IMMENSE SCOPE TO BRING SIGHT TO EYES WHICH HAVE BEEN BLINDED TO THE TRUTH.
I WAS MUCH MORE THAN A FOOL TO HAVE DELUDED MYSELF INTO BELIEVING THAT SHE COULD EVER LOVE ME BACK...
...THAT SHE COULD EVER HAVE THOUGHT OF ME AS ANYTHING MORE THAN MEAT, MATERIAL WITH WHICH TO WORK HER CRAFT.
EVEN WORSE THAN THIS COMPLETE AND UTTER FEELING OF *DEJECTION* AND *BETRAYAL* IS MY INABILITY *NOT* TO FEEL THEIR PLEASURE. IT WOULD BE TORTURE ENOUGH JUST TO *KNOW*. WHY MUST THEY DO IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME? NOT THAT IT WOULD MATTER, I'D BE ABLE TO SENSE THEIR ACTS OF PASSION EVEN IF THEY WERE MILES AWAY.
OH GOD, I WISH THEY'D STOP.
THE SMELL OF HER WETNESS, THE SOUNDS OF THEIR SHARED ECSTASY, THE WARMTH OF HIS ERECTION, SENSATIONS WHICH WOULD NORMALLY BRING ME MORE PLEASURE THAN TO THEIR SOURCE, NOW CAUSE ME MORE PAIN THAN A THOUSAND HOT NEEDLES BEING SLOWLY PUSHED INTO MY EYE.
PLEASE MAKE THEM *STOP*. I CAN'T STAND TO SHARE THEIR PLEASURE ANY LONGER. *MAKE THEM STOP*.
FOR THE FIRST TIME, I TRULY FEEL THAT I AM IN *HELL*.

THE CYCLE IS COMPLETE.
THIS WOMAN THAT I SO DESIRE, SHE WHO HAS SHOWN ME THAT THE MOST UNBEARABLE PAIN COULD BECOME THE PINNACLE OF PLEASURE, HAS NOW SHOWN ME THAT THE GREATEST PLEASURE COULD BE THE ULTIMATE FORM OF SUFFERING.
I WANTED SO MUCH TO BE ABLE TO HATE HER. I TRIED SO HARD.
MY LATEST IS NEARLY FINISHED, MY SWEET. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE BEGIN ANOTHER, YOU AND I.
I COULDN'T, NO MATTER WHAT. I WAS STILL CONSUMED WITH DESIRE FOR HER.
I WONDER. IF I HADN'T DISGRACED MYSELF AT THE LAST MINUTE, IF I HADN'T FOREVER BLOWN MY CHANCES OF BECOMING A CENOBITE LIKE SHE IS, WOULD THINGS BE DIFFERENT FOR US?
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR HAND, MY SWEET.
WOULD IT HAVE BEEN HER HANDS THAT WOULD HAVE FREED ME FROM THE SCRAPS OF HUMANITY SURROUNDING ME INTO A CREATURE OF LEVIATHAN?
WERE THEY HER HANDS THAT BUILT HER CURRENT LOVER?

NATURALLY, HE KEPT COMING BACK.
EVEN WHEN HE WASN'T BRINGING HER ANY SUPPLIES.
I WAS SO INTENT ON TRYING TO BLOCK OUT THEIR ECSTASY THAT I ALMOST MISSED HIS SURPRISING REACTION.
HIS MOMENT OF PAIN.
HIS YEARNING FOR A SIMPLE PLEASURE OF WHICH HE COULD NOT PARTAKE.
OH HOW I RELISHED THAT MOMENT OF HIS FRUSTRATION. IT WAS LIKE A STAB OF HOPE TEARING INTO MY OWN DESPAIR. IT WAS MY LAST MOMENT OF TRUE PLEASURE. IN RETROSPECT I SHOULD HAVE SAVORED IT MORE THEN, BECAUSE ITS RAGGED MEMORY PROVIDES ME WITH LITTLE COMFORT *NOW*.
THEN I HEARD HER COMFORTING WORDS, HER PROMISE TO HELP FULFILL HIS WISH. IT WAS LIKE EVERY QUEASY FEELING I'D EVER HAD COMING BACK AT ONCE.
BECAUSE I KNEW WHAT WAS COMING NEXT.
IT WAS THE ICING ON THE CAKE OF MY TORMENT. I ONLY HOPED THAT IT WOULDN'T BE *ME* SHE CAME TO.
LET HER PICK *ANYONE* BUT ME.

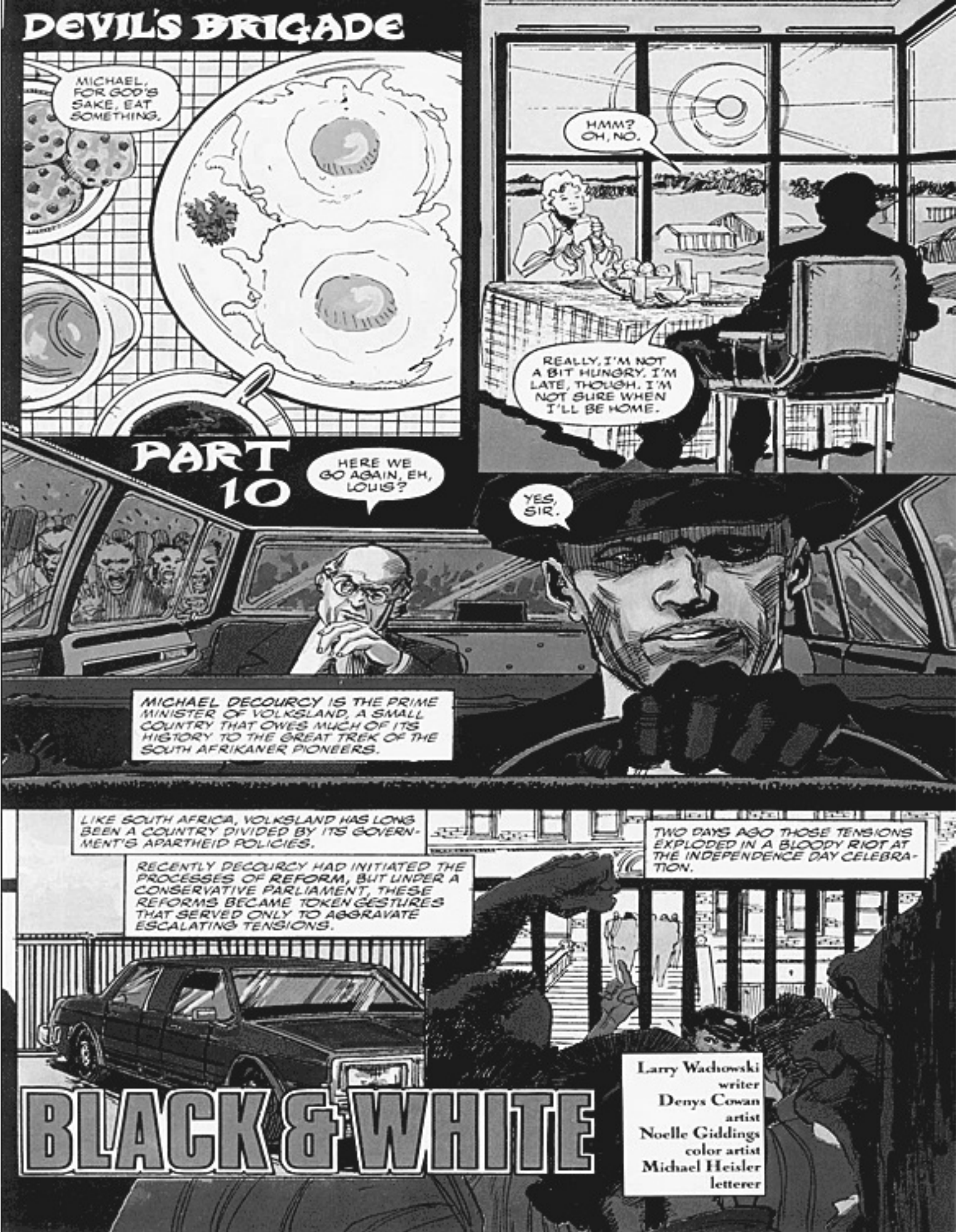
SHE PICKED ME.
SHE CARESSED MY FACE WITH THE TENDER LOVING PASSION THAT I ALWAYS HOPED SHE WOULD.
ONLY NOW THAT IT FINALLY CAME TO ME, I FELT ANYTHING BUT RAPTURE.
THIS WAS THE ULTIMATE ACT OF DEFILEMENT. THE DESIRE TO HATE HER BURNED IN MY HEART, BUT THE ACTUAL HATE, I KNEW, WOULD NEVER COME.
I COULD ONLY HOPE THAT SHE WOULD USE UP THE REST OF ME QUICKLY. UNTIL THEN I WOULD HAVE NO PEACE.
THE WORST PART WAS HAVING TO WATCH, TO FEEL HIS ULTIMATE JOY AND FULFILLMENT AS HE WAS FINALLY ABLE TO DO WHAT I'D ALWAYS WANTED TO.
TO PASSIONATELY KISS HER...
...WITH MY LIPS...
THE END

SAINT
AMOUR

1991

"MMM. THAT SMELLS DELICIOUS."
"IS IT READY YET? HA, HA. I'M REALLY STARVING."
"OH BOY, DOES THAT LOOK GOOD."
AHHHHH!
MICHAEL? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M FINE. IT WAS A DREAM. JUST A DREAM.

DEVIL'S BRIGADE


MICHAEL, FOR GOD'S SAKE, EAT SOMETHING.
HMM? OH, NO.
REALLY, I'M NOT A BIT HUNGRY. I'M LATE, THOUGH. I'M NOT SURE WHEN I'LL BE HOME.
PART 10
HERE WE GO AGAIN, EH, LOUIS?
YES, SIR.
MICHAEL DECOURCY IS THE PRIME MINISTER OF VOLKSLAND, A SMALL COUNTRY THAT OWES MUCH OF ITS HISTORY TO THE GREAT TREK OF THE SOUTH AFRIKANER PIONEERS.
LIKE SOUTH AFRICA, VOLKSLAND HAS LONG BEEN A COUNTRY DIVIDED BY ITS GOVERNMENT'S APARTHEID POLICIES.
RECENTLY DECOURCY HAD INITIATED THE PROCESSES OF REFORM, BUT UNDER A CONSERVATIVE PARLIAMENT, THESE REFORMS BECAME TOKEN GESTURES THAT SERVED ONLY TO AGGRAVATE ESCALATING TENSIONS.
TWO DAYS AGO THOSE TENSIONS EXPLODED IN A BLOODY RIOT AT THE INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION.

BLACK & WHITE

Larry Wachowski
writer
Denys Cowan
artist
Noelle Giddings
color artist
Michael Heisler
letterer

ALSO, MR. PRIME MINISTER, THERE WAS ANOTHER RIOT IN THE ZOATO TOWNSHIP. LIEUTENANT WAGNER REPORTS HE LOST TWO MEN.
AND... UH... I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THERE IS MORE BAD NEWS. LONDON OIL CALLED THIS MORNING. THEY ARE PULLING OUT:
"OUR STOCKHOLDERS ARE NO LONGER COMFORTABLE WITH THE SITUATION THAT IS DEVELOPING THERE."
GLOBE GLASS AND STEEL IS THREATENING TO PULL OUT UNLESS THEY GET MORE PROTECTION FOR THEIR PLANTS.
SIR, ECONOMICALLY WE HAVE THE PLAGUE. UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE QUICKLY, WE ARE GOING TO ROT AWAY.
YES... YES, PIETER, I KNOW...
PIETER SCHOEMAN, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL IN DECOURCY'S CABINET. HE WAS ONCE CONSIDERED A MODERATE.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED.
...THOSE ARE THE PROBLEMS. I NEED SOLUTIONS.
LEVIATHAN CHOSE ABIGOR FOR THIS MISSION IN VOLKSLAND.
AND SHE'S CHOSEN SCHOEMAN. ONLY HE CAN HEAR HER--OR FEEL HER.
ONLY THEY CAN SHOW DECOURCY THE WAY, LEVIATHAN'S WAY, THE PATH OF ORDER.
HE'S GROWN WEAK. HE HASN'T EATEN OR SLEPT SINCE THE INDEPENDENCE DAY RIOT. NOW IS THE TIME. BEGIN.
MR. PRIME MINISTER, VOLKSLAND IS ON THE VERGE OF A CIVIL WAR. OUR EVERY MOVE MUST BE MADE WITH UTMOST CARE AND CAUTION.
THE LAST THING WE NEED ARE OUTSIDERS SENSATIONALIZING OUR ACTIONS.
UNTIL A MORE STABLE CONDITION HAS BEEN REACHED, I SUGGEST A BLACKOUT, INCLUDING THE EXPULSION OF ALL FOREIGN CORRESPONDETS AND DIPLOMATS AND THE TEMPORARY CLOSING OF OUR BORDERS.

I DISAGREE COMPLETELY!
NILES HOLLANDER-- YOUR MINISTER OF EDUCATION.
HE WILL BE A PROBLEM.
NILES?
A BLACKOUT AND THE CLOSING OF OUR BORDERS WILL CREATE PANIC. IF WE'RE TO AVOID THIS "WAR," WE MUST CONTINUE TO COMMUNICATE-- PANIC WILL MAKE THAT IMPOSSIBLE!
MICHAEL, I CAN GET CHARULA TO COME HERE, TO TALK, THE AFRICANS TRUST AND BELIEVE HIM.
WHEN WE BEGIN TO NEGOTIATE, THINGS MAY CALM DOWN.
HIS WORDS SPEAK OF REASON, AND LOGIC.
BUT LOOK NOW AND SEE THE PASSION BEHIND THEM...
"...THIS IS HOW THE EDUCATION MINISTER SPENDS HIS EVENINGS.
AS HE WATCHED, SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY THE TWO HELD EACH OTHER ESPECIALLY BOTHERED SHOEMAN.
"HERE IS WHERE HIS TRUE PASSION, AND WEAKNESS, LIE.
THIS WAS NOT SEX HE WAS WATCHING.
THIS WAS LOVE.
GASP... A KAFFIR!
"HER NAME IS ZOYA. FIND HER, AND WE HAVE FOUND OUR MISSION--
"--AND ORDER WILL SWEEP THIS LAND LIKE THE FIRESTORM. LEVIATHAN'S WILL BE DONE.

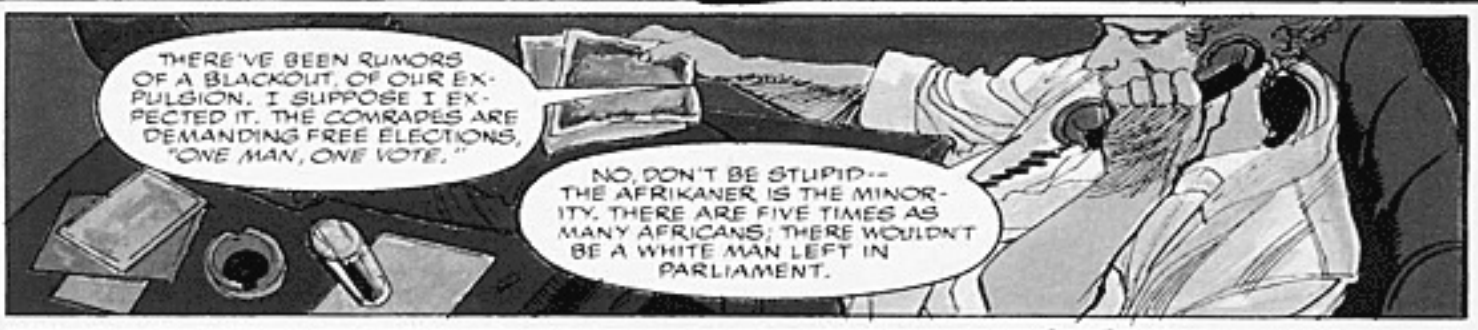
NIGHT, IN A SMALL ROOM AT DECOURCY UNIVERSITY.
A ROOM THAT FUNCTIONS AS AN OFFICE, A BEDROOM, AND A RETREAT.
OH LORD... TAKE ME NOW... I'M READY.
LOVER, YOU'RE PRAYING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. THAT WAS AS CLOSE TO HEAVEN AS A SINNER LIKE YOU IS GOING TO GET.
END APARTHEID NOW!
OH ALAS, YET ANOTHER VIRTUOUS AND CIVILIZED WHITE MAN HAS BEEN LED INTO THE FOLD OF SATAN BY A DARK-SKINNED, BUT WELL-PROPORTIONED, SAVAGE WOMAN.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS AN INNOCENT BUT BEAUTIFUL NATIVE GIRL WHO WAS BEING CORRUPTED AND DE-FLOWERED BY A RICH AND POWERFUL LANDOWNER.
I LIKE THAT ONE.
BUT HOW ABOUT THIS -- THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION OF A SMALL AFRICAN COUNTRY TAKES THE MOST GIFTED AND BEAUTIFUL TEACHER HE'S EVER KNOWN ON A PLANE TO SWEDEN...
...WHERE THEY LIVE OUT THE REMAINDER OF THEIR LIVES AND FANTASIES HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
OH NILES... THAT SOUNDS BEAUTIFUL. BUT YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL. I CAN'T JUST LEAVE. RUN AWAY.
I KNOW. IT'S JUST THAT AFTER THE CONFERENCE THIS MORNING... I'M WORRIED.
WHAT HAPPENED? DID DECOURCY--?

NO, IT WASN'T MICHAEL. HE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ANYMORE. JUST LISTENS. HE LOOKS TERRIBLE. I DON'T THINK HE'S EATEN IN DAYS.
IT WAS SCHOEMAN. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM.
HE'D ALWAYS BEEN THE VOICE OF REASON, BUT OVER THE LAST WEEK HE'S MADE THE MOST DISTURBING REMARKS AND THIS MORNING HE SUGGESTED WE INITIATE A NEWS BLACKOUT AND CLOSE OUR BORDERS.
OH MY GOD--
NATURALLY, I OBJECTED. I EXPECTED SOME KIND OF ARGUMENT, BUT SCHOEMAN JUST SAT THERE, MUMBLING TO HIMSELF AND STARING AT ME LIKE HE... I DON'T KNOW...
... I JUST WANTED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE -- HERE -- OUT OF VOLKSLAND
THANK GOD YOU WERE THERE TO SAY SOMETHING!
I GWEAR, NILES, SOMETIMES I IMAGINE WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO VOLKSLAND IF YOU WEREN'T IN THAT BIG ROOM, HOLDING ON TO YOUR TWO CENTS...
...AND IT TERRIFIES ME.
WE'RE SO CLOSE, TO THE END OF APARTHEID, THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL. WE CAN'T LEAVE NOW, NILES, NOT NOW THAT THE FUTURE --
--OUR FUTURE IS...
DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE. I CAN'T FIND MY OTHER SOCK.
I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, NILES, AND YOU'RE NOT LISTENING.
I'M SORRY, TEACHER, BUT DURING RECESS, I WORKED UP QUITE A THIRST.
LISTEN, MISTER, DROP THAT CUP NOW, AND GET THAT PALE BUTT OVER HERE.
KLINK
WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO SAY WAS, YOU'VE GOT A NEW, VESTED INTEREST IN THE FUTURE, NOW.
YOU SEE, MY LOVE, THERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU...
INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY OF NAMES
PRENATAL CA

BANG! BANG! AIEEE!
LOOK OUT! FFFFP!
AHH-- MY LEG! BANG!
DANIEL.
FATHER?!
YES, FATHER?
I WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING. WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A RIDE?
YES, FATHER.

THAT'S YOUR GREAT-GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER, JOSEPH DECOURCY.
WHEN HE AND THOSE WHO WERE FOLLOWING HIM STOOD HERE AFTER CROSSING THESE MOUNTAINS, THIS LAND WAS VIRTUALLY A DESERT.
BUT THEY FOUGHT FOR IT; FOUGHT THE ZULU, THE BRITISH, THE LAND ITSELF.
IT WAS SWEAT AND BLOOD, AFRIKANER BLOOD, THAT MADE THIS LAND FERTILE.
UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP, THE SETTLEMENT BEGAN TO PROSPER, BUT ONE YEAR THERE WAS A TERRIBLE DROUGHT AND BY MID-WINTER MANY WERE STARVING.
JOSEPH GAVE MOST OF HIS STORED GRAIN TO OTHER FAMILIES AND EVERY NIGHT HE TOOK WHATEVER WAS ON HIS OWN PLATE AND GAVE ALL OF IT TO HIS CHILDREN.
ALL HIS LIFE HE HAD BEEN A HUGE, STRONG MAN, BUT BY SPRING HE HAD DWINDLED TO NOTHING. ON HIS DEATHBED, HE CALLED FOR HIS CHILDREN AND SAID TO THEM:
"I AM JUST A MAN AND MEN DIE. UNDERSTAND, IT IS YOU WHO ARE THE AFRIKANER, YOU ARE THE VOLK AND THIS IS NOW YOUR HOME."
AND THEN HE DIED.
MY FATHER BROUGHT ME HERE WHEN I WAS A BOY AND TOLD ME THAT STORY. I THOUGHT IT IMPORTANT THAT I TELL YOU NOW, BECAUSE ...
... BECAUSE YOU ARE MY SON AND I LOVE YOU.

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER. SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE. DECOURCY CAN'T HOLD IT TOGETHER MUCH LONGER. HE'S GOTTA GIVE IN OR...


THERE'VE BEEN RUMORS OF A BLACKOUT, OF OUR EXPULSION. I SUPPOSE I EXPECTED IT. THE COMRADES ARE DEMANDING FREE ELECTIONS, "ONE MAN, ONE VOTE."
NO, DON'T BE STUPID-- THE AFRIKANER IS THE MINORITY. THERE ARE FIVE TIMES AS MANY AFRICANS; THERE WOULDN'T BE A WHITE MAN LEFT IN PARLIAMENT.

I BELIEVE YOU.
I'M SURE THE RACIAL TENSIONS BACK IN PHILADELPHIA ARE NEAR THE BURSTING POINT AND I'M SURE THE READERS CARE MORE ABOUT THAT THAN WHAT'S HAPPENING 5,000 MILES AWAY.
BUT, SKULLY, THIS IS IMPORTANT AND I'M STAYING HERE WHETHER YOU'RE PAYING ME OR NOT.
FINE, THANKS, DON'T WORRY, I'VE MADE A FEW FRIENDS. YOU BE CAREFUL TOO, SKULLY.

GOODBYE.
CHRIST. EDITORS. MY MOTHER NEVER WORRIED SO MUCH.

HOW WE DO, JACK?
I GUESS YOU'RE STUCK WITH ME, ZACHARIAH.

MAN, I GOT A FEELING SOMETHING UGLY'S GONNA HAPPEN TONIGHT.
WE GO LOOKING FOR UGLY, JACK?
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, ZACH. UGLY'S MY JOB.

THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME.

NO. THAT IS WHY WE MUST HURRY. DECOURCY MUST CHOOSE TO LEAD THIS COUNTRY TO ORDER BEFORE THE FINAL GRAIN FALLS AND THE EQUINOX PASSES.
I MUST NOT FAIL MY GOD--

--AND YOU MUST NOT FAIL ME. NOW, PICK UP THAT PHONE.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE WILL DO TO THEM?
YOU'RE HUMAN. YOU'D KNOW BETTER THAN I.

YES, LIEUTENANT WAGNER, PLEASE... UH... JUST TELL HIM IT'S A FELLOW AFRIKANER.

I LOVE YOU.
YOU'VE SAID THAT.
YOU'VE MADE ME VERY HAPPY.
I KNOW. YOU'VE SAID THAT TOO.
HAVE I SAID THAT I WANT TO MARRY YOU? THAT I WANT YOU TO MOVE OUT OF THIS DORM OFFICE AND LIVE WITH ME IN A BIG HOUSE FULL OF NOTHING BUT BOOKS AND CHILDREN?
YES, YOU DID.
WELL?
I'D LOVE TO.
MY GOD, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WERE ATTRACTED TO ME.
SIMPLE. YOUR HAIR. I LOVE MEN WITH GRAY HAIR. SO DISTINGUISHED, INTELLIGENT-LOOKING AND FATHERLY. IT DRIVES ME ABSOLUTELY MAD.
EHEM, PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO RETIRE NOW FOR AN... APERITIF?
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.
MMM... MMM -- WHA? DID YOU HEAR THAT?
NO.
SSH. SOMEONE'S OUTSIDE THE DOOR--
KK-KRASH!

CHRIST, THAT GUY WAS RIGHT! HOLLANDER'S DIPPING IN THE MUD!
LIEUTENANT WAGNER! WHAT IN THE HELL--
SHUT UP!
WHAK!
I KNEW YOU WERE A MUD-LOVER! THE WAY YOU STICK UP FOR THEM OVER US! I KNEW IT!
HOLLANDER, YOU ARE A BASTARD, A CRIMINAL AND A TRAITOR TO YOUR PEOPLE AND I SHOULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW.
I'VE DONE NOTHING -- UH-WHOOF -- IT'S NOT ILLEGAL ANY MORE.
IF GOD SENT MOSES BACK TO EARTH TO REPEAL THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, WOULD YOU GO ROB YOUR NEIGHBOR AND RAPE HIS WIFE?
SOME THINGS, MR. MINISTER, JUST AREN'T RIGHT.
PLEASE -- PLEASE, WAGNER! DON'T HURT HER! SHE'S CARRYING MY CHILD.
DON'T MATTER. BLACK AND WHITE MAKES BROWN AND EVERYBODY KNOWS, GOD MADE BROWN THE COLOR OF SHIT.

LOOK! ISN'T THAT NILES HOLLANDER'S CAR?
I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING OUT HERE?
AT THIS HOUR, PROBABLY NONE OF OUR BUSINESS, BUT, THEN AGAIN...
WHEEE-O. YOU READ ALL THESE BOOKS? YOU KNOW WHAT, BOYS, I THINK WE GOT US ONE OF THOSE EDUCATED, UPPITY, KAFFIR BITCHES HERE.
PLEASE...WE'VE DONE NOTHING.
I GOT A FUN LITTLE GAME FOR BRAINY BITCHES LIKE YOU. IF YOU PLAY ALONG, EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.
IF YOU DON'T PLAY, RUDY HERE GOES LOOKING FOR A HANGER, AND BELIEVE ME, HE AIN'T NO DOCTOR.
WAGNER--! DAMN-- GAACK!
NOW, ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS TAKE THIS BARREL INTO YOUR MOUTH AND SUCK ON IT. YOU KNOW HOW. I KNOW YOU DO.
AND THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, IS THERE? BECAUSE, AS ALL US WELL-EDUCATED TYPES KNOW, THIS ISN'T A GUN.
IT'S JUST A PHALLIC EXTENSION, SO IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BLOW THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD OFF, COULD IT?
NAHH. SO, GO AHEAD. SUCK IT. DO IT!
NO. I WON'T.

ZOYA! AAARRAH!
KESSHH!
AHHHHH!
BOOM!
NOOO!
NILES!
HOLY SHIT!
FSSH
HEY YOU BLOODY--
GO! GO!
FSSH
OH, NO... NILES, I LOVE YOU, PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME...
...OH, GOD, I NEED YOU, NILES, I NEED YOU...

AT LAST, I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW HUNGRY I AM.
WHAT IS THIS? IT'S BURNT, RUINED! HOW IN GOD'S NAME CAN I EAT THIS? BRING ME THE COOK, DAMN HIM! WHERE IS THE COOK!
LOOK AT THIS! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU'VE RUINED MY FOOD! NOW I WILL STARVE!
BUT, SIR, IT'S JUST AS YOU LIKE IT-- RAW.
NOOOOOO!
... FORGIVE US.
THE END

BELIEVE THE SINNERS

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE PART 11

REBECCA, YOU MIGHT BE A BIT GRATEFUL I RESCUED YOU FROM SAMUEL'S CLUTCHES.
DAVID, I WASN'T IN SAMUEL'S "CLUTCHES". I WAS PART OF HIS RELIGIOUS COMMUNE-- FED, SHELTERED, AND IF I REPEATED THE AMENS-- 'SAVED'.
LOOK, WE BOTH SAW THE CENOBITES PULL SAMUEL INTO HELL. WE BOTH KNOW HOW HE GOT BACK.

HE WAS SENT BACK. BEHIND HIS "HELL AND DAMNATION" MINISTRY SAMUEL'S BEEN PREACHING LEVIATHAN'S GOSPEL. WE'VE GOT TO TELL PEOPLE.
NOW THERE'S A CONSPIRACY THEORY.
SAMUEL'S BUILT ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELEVANGELICAL MINISTRIES.

Nicholas Vince
writer
Sam Kieth
artist
Sam Parsons
color artist
Phil Felix
letterer

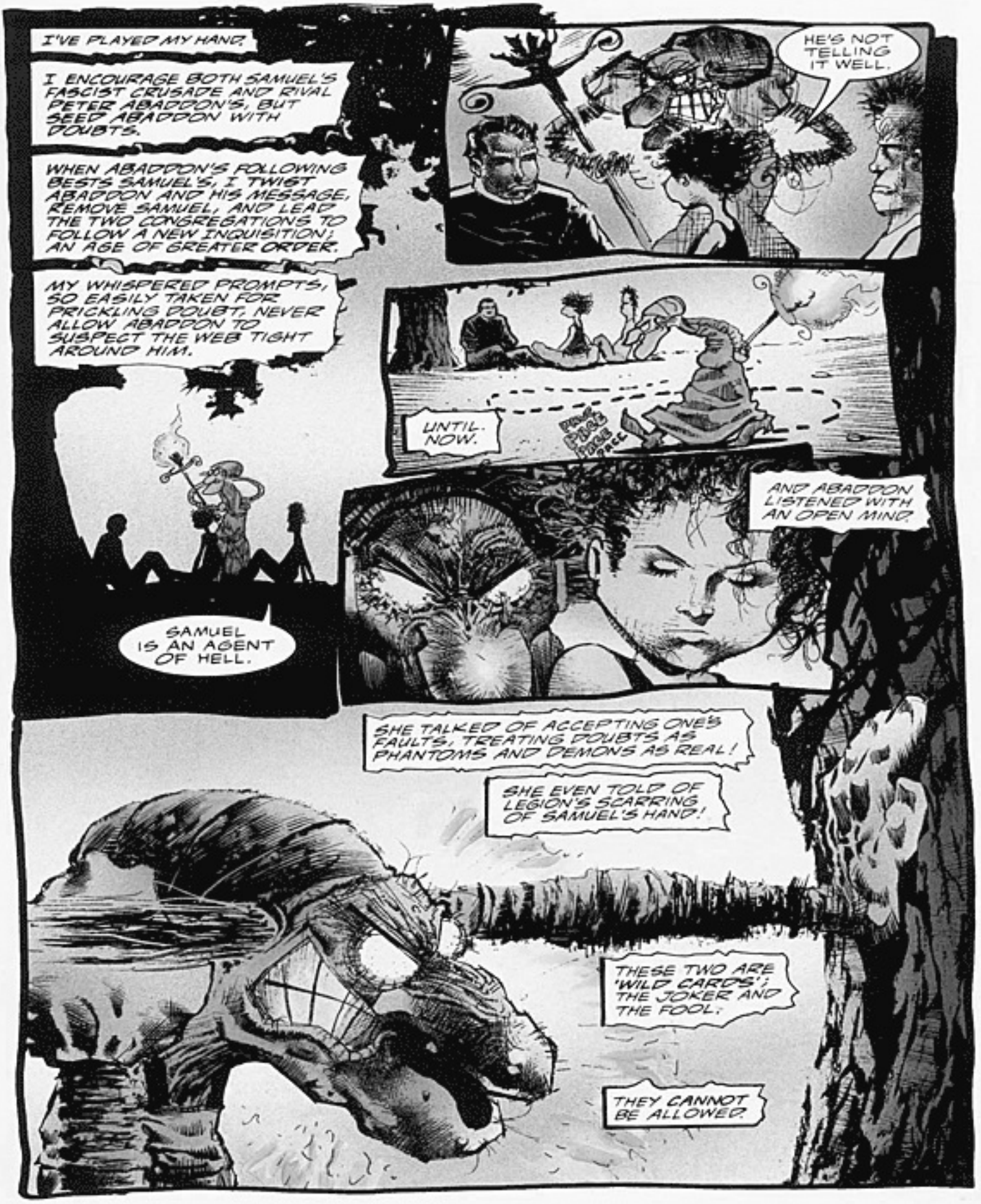
AT BEST WE'D END UP ON GERALDO.
AT WORST, WEARING THOSE NICE CANVAS JACKETS THAT BUCKLE AT THE REAR.
OKAY, OKAY. LET'S EAT.
IT IS A TIME TO BE AFRAID.

I'M NOT EATING THERE. I DIDN'T RESCUE YOU FROM SAMUEL JUST SO...
WELL! LOOK AT THAT YOUNG MAN, DRESSED LIKE A HEATHEN.
YES, VELMA LOUISE.
AT FIVE POINTS, ARE THE CHOSEN; ARE FIVE CHOICES TO BE MADE, ARE FIVE HANDS TO BE PLAYED. WILL THEY SHOW FOR ORDER OR FOR CHAOS?
WHAT'S ON THE MENU?
CANNIBALISM.
"TAKE, EAT, THIS IS MY BODY." MARK 14:22
UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE PEOPLE BELIEVE US, OR AT LEAST LISTEN, WE HAVE TO SHUT UP!
YOU'RE NOT PAUL REVERE-- YOU CAN'T RIDE DOWN THE STREETS SHOUTING: "THE CENOBITES ARE COMING!"
DAVID, STOP SULKING.

SINNERS BEWARE!
FATHER PETER ABADDON IS THE KEY CARD IN MY HAND. WHERE WILL HE FALL?
THE EMISSARIES OF HELL WORK AMONGST US, FOR THESE ARE THE LAST DAYS...
SPEAKING OF SAMUEL...
...AND OUR FATE IS CLOSED.
FRIENDS, THAT WAS SAMUEL ON ANOTHER CHANNEL LAST NIGHT.
THESE COULD BE THE LAST DAYS... OF FEAR, MISTRUST AND HATRED.
ONLY MINDS ARE CLOSED. THE GOD OF LOVE LISTENS AND CAN OPEN THEM.
THAT HERETIC HIPPIE ABADDON! ALL SAMUEL WANTS IS THEM FORNICATING SINNERS BURNED!
AIN'T THAT...
THIEVING FORNICATORS!
LEVIATHAN TEACHES! IT'S A MATTER OF SKILL. A PLAYER MUST FOLLOW THE CARDS.

AND MARK THEM WHEN NECESSARY.
THERE IS NOT 'LUCK' OR 'CHANCE'-- THE CARDS FALL WHERE PREDICTABLE LAWS OF MECHANICS DICTATE.
AND, USING THE "HAND OF GLORY", I PLAY MY HAND INVISIBLY, BUT SOFTLY HEARD.
PETER, YOU DO STILL BELIEVE IN THE BIBLE DON'T YOU? MMM? ONLY, YOUR T.V. SHOW--EHEM-- YOU DON'T MENTION IT OFTEN--EHEM-- ANYWAY, IT'S JUST...
...RECEIVED MASSIVE SPONSOR-SHIP.
ACTUALLY, YOUR GRACE, SINCE LUKE'S DEATH, I DOUBT I'M RIGHT TO CONTINUE.
"RIGHT"? AHEM, WELL... YES YOU AHM... WELL...
O-BEDI-ENCE.
YOU FORGOT YOUR VOW OF OBEDI-ENCE.
WE, THAT IS, I, THAT IS ROME INSTRUCTS YOU. YOU HAVE BROUGHT HUNDREDS TO THE FOLD.

"YOU MUST CONTINUE."
LUKE, I PREACH AN OPEN MIND, BUT SUCH A MIND IS UNPROTECTED FROM THE WORM OF DOUBT AND IT GNAWS AT ME.
LUKE
"TRUE FAITH MUST CONTAIN DOUBT." YOUR WORDS, PRIEST, YOUR WORDS.
LUKE, I HEAR A VOICE, ITCHING IN MY MIND?
IS IT YOU? WHAT ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF?
LUKE, PLEASE...
... FORGIVE ME.
FATHER, YOU MUST FORGIVE YOURSELF.


I'VE PLAYED MY HAND.
I ENCOURAGE BOTH SAMUEL'S FASCIST CRUSADE AND RIVAL PETER ABADDON'S, BUT SEED ABADDON WITH DOUBTS.
WHEN ABADDON'S FOLLOWING BESTS SAMUEL'S, I TWIST ABADDON AND HIS MESSAGE, REMOVE SAMUEL, AND LEAD THE TWO CONGREGATIONS TO FOLLOW A NEW INQUISITION; AN AGE OF GREATER ORDER.
HE'S NOT TELLING IT WELL.
MY WHISPERED PROMPTS, SO EASILY TAKEN FOR PRICKLING DOUBT, NEVER ALLOW ABADDON TO SUSPECT THE WEB TIGHT AROUND HIM.
UNTIL. NOW.
AND ABADDON LISTENED WITH AN OPEN MIND.
SAMUEL IS AN AGENT OF HELL.
SHE TALKED OF ACCEPTING ONE'S FAULTS, TREATING DOUBTS AS PHANTOMS AND DEMONS AS REAL!
SHE EVEN TOLD OF LEGION'S SCARRING OF SAMUEL'S HAND!
THESE TWO ARE 'WILD CARDS'; THE JOKER AND THE FOOL.
THEY CANNOT BE ALLOWED.

YOU MAY NOT LIKE SAMUEL, BUT YOU CANNOT BELIEVE HE IS IN LEAGUE WITH THE DEVIL.
I THINK I BELIEVE YOU --
-- BUT YOU MUST PROVE YOUR STATE-MENTS.
THE WORLD TURNS.
CENTURIES AGO AT LOUDON, AS A NUN, I HELPED DESTROY A PRIEST, GRANDIER, TOO STUPID TO SEE THE POLITICAL MACHINATIONS BEHIND HIS PLIGHT, BY CALLING ON IMAGINARY DEVILS.
TODAY, AS A CENOBITE, TO DIS-CREDIT A CHILD, I CALL UPON AN EMISSARY OF LEVIATHAN'S, TO DENY HIS GOD'S EXISTENCE.
I AM AFRAID. I DO NOT KNOW HE WILL BE BELIEVED.
...PHONE COLLECTION NETTED $26,098.62, THIS REPRESENTS A 17.2% RISE OVER...
...SEVERAL MINOR RIOTS SUPPRESSED IN VOLKS-LAND, AS TENSION OVER THE REFORMS OF...
I FEEL YOU; DREAD PRESENCE.
WELCOME, BALBERITH.

BALBERITH, HAVE YOU WATCHED THAT IDIOT DE COURCY?
IF I WERE HIM, THOSE DAMNED INSURGENTS WOULD BE CRUSHED AND INCARCERATED. ANY FOOL CAN SEE --
LISTEN, SAMUEL! YOUR PRODIGALS, DAVID AND REBECCA, ARE CURRENTLY TELLING TALES TO ABADDON!
THEN WHY HAVEN'T YOU SILENCED THEM?
OBEY, DON'T QUESTION, SAMUEL.
MORE DEATHS NEAR ABADDON WOULD START QUESTIONS. YOU MUST ANSWER THEIR CHARGES, WHEN INVITED...

"YOU DESTROY THEIR CREDIBILITY. I WILL DO THE REST."
THESE ACCUSATIONS ARE RIDICULOUS, FATHER ABADDON. THEY ARE SIMPLY HERETICS OR HYSTERICS.
AND YET--YOUR HAND IS STRANGELY SCARRED, WHICH YOU DO NOT EXPLAIN.
AND YOUR CRUSADE STRIKES ME AS DEVILISH.
AND HOW DO THEY PROVE THEIR STORY TO THE WORLD?
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN FACE HIM, DAVID.
HE CAN'T HURT YOU, BECKY.
LORD, ABADDON'S DOUBTS DIMINISH AS HE FALTERS TOWARD THE TRUTH. THE WINDS OF CHAOS RUSTLE THE CARDS.
THEY CALL THE DEVIL, LEVIATHAN; HIS DEMONS, CENOBITES.
WHO BELIEVES IN THESE NAMES? HOW WILL YOU CONVINCE THE CHURCH OF ROME AND YOUR FOLLOWERS?
THEY HAVE ONLY TO CONVINCE ME, SAMUEL.
I'LL TELL THE PEOPLE YOU MADE BELIEVE IN "EMISSARIES OF HELL."

YOU DO NOT DENY THE CHARGES, BUT ISSUE THREATS.
THE ACTIONS OF A GUILTY MAN.
OH GOD, I THINK WE MIGHT JUST WIN.
FFFFFFFF
A FINAL DESPERATE HAND MUST BE PLAYED. EXTINGUISHING A FINGER ON MY FLAMING HAND OF GLORY WILL MAKE ME VISIBLE TO ANOTHER PLAYER.
I MUST CONSIDER THIS.
HELLO, REBECCA.
DAVID, DON'T YOU SEE HER?
THERE'S A CENOBITE HERE!
...BUT ONLY ONE.

OH... FATHER!
REBECCA CAN SEE A CENOBITE! HERE! NOW!
BUT, YOU SAID BEFORE, YOU ALL SAW LEGION.
AS I SAID, THESE ARE CHILDISH DELUSIONS.
AND YOU ARE HELPLESS NOW, REBECCA. HELPLESS.
ABADDON DOESN'T BELIEVE YOU NOW, REBECCA, SO HE WILL TALK TO YOU AS A CHILD.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, REBECCA, THERE'S NOTHING THERE.
NEXT, HE'LL BE TELLING YOU NURSERY RHYMES.

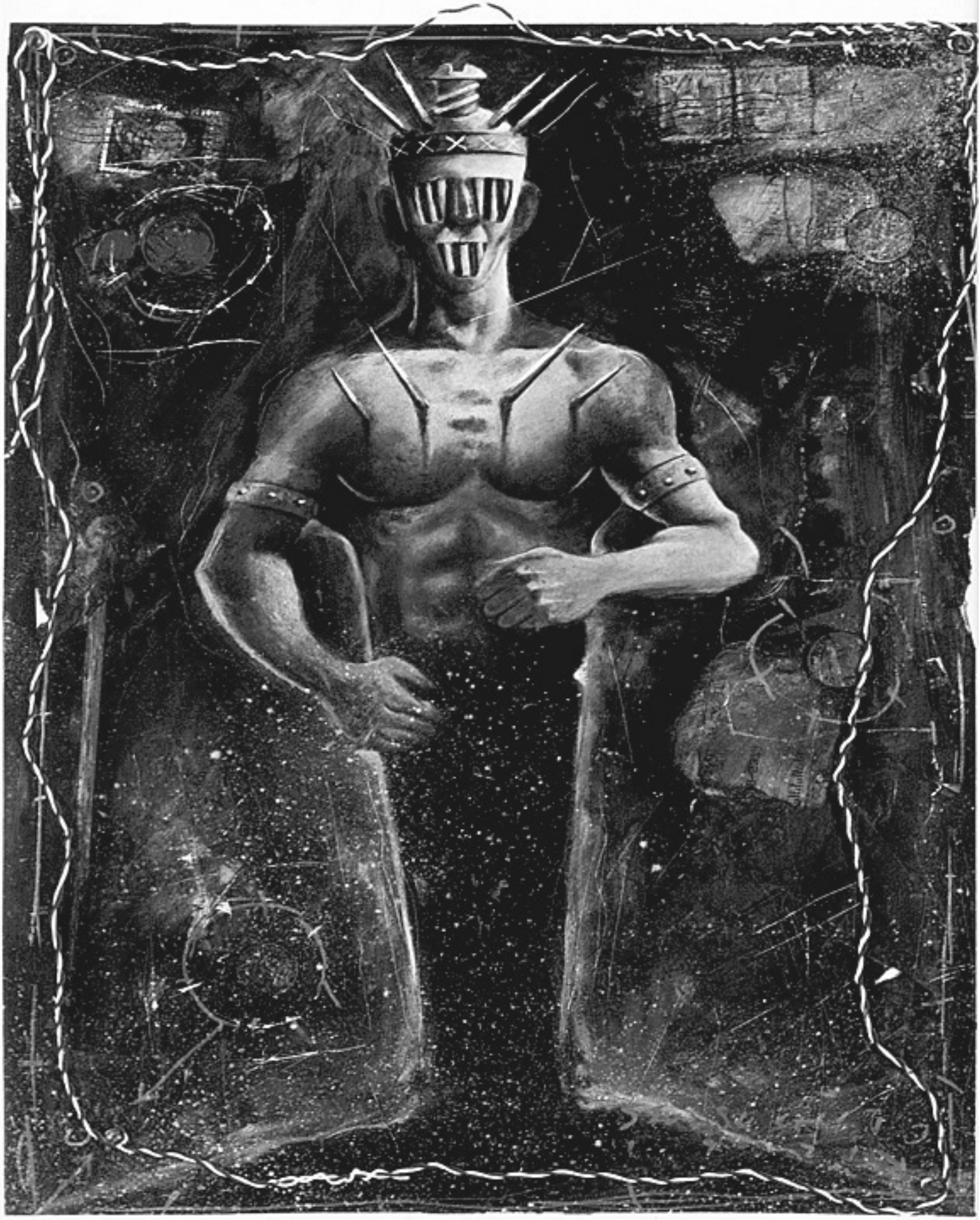
FATHER ABADDON, HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE IN GOD AND NOT BELIEVE IN A DEVIL?
OR IS IT THAT YOUR MIND IS CLOSED?
WHAT WOULD IT TAKE TO MAKE YOU SEE? MY BODY? MY BLOOD?!
REMEMBER THIS ONE? "HERE COMES A CANDLE TO LIGHT YOU TO BED."
NO, I— THAT IS...
"...TO CHOP OFF YOUR HEAD." PAGE 14, LITTLE TOMMY THUMB'S PRETTY SONG BOOK.
"HERE COMES A CHOPPER..."

NO-- NOT MY BODY!
THEIR SILENCE BLOSSOMS LIKE BLOOD IN WATER.

I'LL SEE YOU ROTTING IN HELL FOR THIS.
GIVE ME THAT!
NOT THIS TIME, SAMUEL. YOU DON'T WIN THIS TIME.
IF I HAVE TO...
THEIR HIGHEST CARD WAS TRUTH, PLAYED POORLY.
OURS IS FORCE, PLAYED TOO, TOO WELL.
AT TIMES, INHERENT STUPIDITY MAKES A TASK EASIER.

LATER, THE RIVALS CHATTED.
I'VE VISITED ASYLUMS, SAMUEL. WE DIDN'T PUT THEM THERE FOR THEIR GOOD, BUT OURS.
SURELY YOU DON'T STILL HARBOR DOUBTS, ABADDON? THEY WERE OBVIOUSLY DELUDED PARANOIDS, OR THEY WERE EMISSARIES OF CHAOS, SENT TO DESTROY ME AND PERHAPS EVEN YOU.
GOOD NIGHT, ABADDON. I WILL... PRAY FOR THE CHILDREN.
OH LORD, DOES MY CRUSADE BRING ONLY DESTRUCTION TO THOSE WHO FOLLOW ME?
YOU DISAPPOINT ME, PRIEST.
IN LOUDON, THEY LANCED GRANDIER'S TESTICLES, TORE HIS NAILS FROM HIS FINGERS AND CRUSHED HIS LEGS IN 'THE BOOT'.
HE CONFESSED ONLY TO HIS BELIEF IN HIS GOD AND IN HIMSELF.
WE'VE A WAYS YET TO GO IN THIS GAME, BUT I HAVE A FAITH THAT ABADDON IS LOSING.
FAITH, AND PATIENCE, AND TIME.
THE END

MIRAN KIM © 91



It's official: the Horror is back. After a long wait, and frequent, but by no means empty, promises from ourselves, Clive and various others, **Hellraiser III: Hell On Earth** is due out in April. Screenwriter Pete Atkin's (fans of this book will remember him as the writer of **Hellraiser II: Hellbound**, as well as the third issue's "Songs of Metal and Flesh") has carved out another impressive chapter in this mythology. In Pete's words, **Hellraiser III** is ". . .very much a Pinhead movie and, without giving too much away, it is both a prequel and a sequel to **Hellbound.** We don't go to Hell in this movie, Hell comes to us, and I think audiences will experience a mixture of horror, action, fun and incredible performances."

But that's not the point of this afterword.

The first **Hellraiser: Book of the Damned** was a resounding success among critics, fans and industry insiders alike, prompting the creation of another illicit peek into Hell's keyholes and through it's blood red curtains. The second volume of the **Book of the Damned** will feature glimpses into the newest addition to Clive's Epic mythology, **The Harrowers.** We'll also have more pages of Isadora Klauski's famous book, **Of Hell,** chapters of which graced the first volume, and whetted appetites for more secrets, and spectacular don't-read-this-book-alone visuals.

And that's not the point, either.

The tenth issue of **Hellraiser,** at this writing, is purportedly doing quite well; the incredible limited edition embossed foil cover with artwork by Bill Sienkiewicz is flying off the shelves across the country. We're looking forward to doing more special landmark issues like that one in this landmark series, and hope all of you out there were pleased with that effort, and our new, lower price. We're anxiously awaiting your comments.

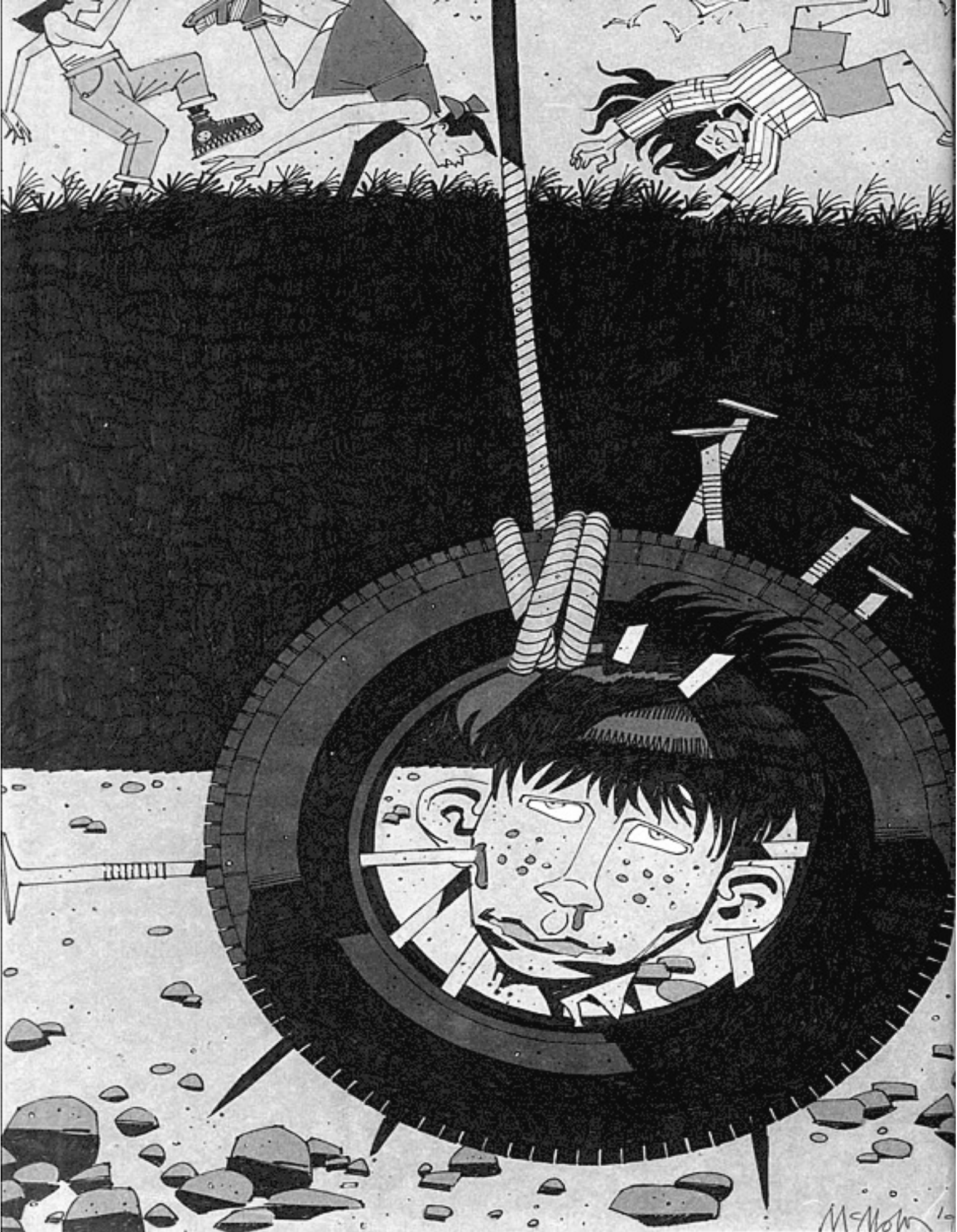
But now, the point.

In our fourth year, we'll continue the regular six-weekly **Hellraiser** bookshelf, which has and will set the pace for quality. In April, the release of the movie will herald a brand new epic explosion of Barker-related titles, including our official and very special **Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth Movie Adaptation,** written by Pete Atkins and the **Book of the Damned Volume 2.** In the months ahead plan on a lot more bang for your buck from the office that makes fear a daily requirement, in the pages of Nightbreed, The Harrowers, and other specials.

What's the point? Be here, and stay sharp. You'll get it. . .

M.

— Marc McLaurin
editor



Clive Barker
consultant

D.G. Chichester
consulting editor

Tom Daning
assistant editor

Marc McLaurin
editor

Carl Potts
executive editor
Epic Comics

Tom DeFalco
editor in chief

front and end piece illustrations by
Mike McMahon

interior illustrations by
Shawn Martinbrough
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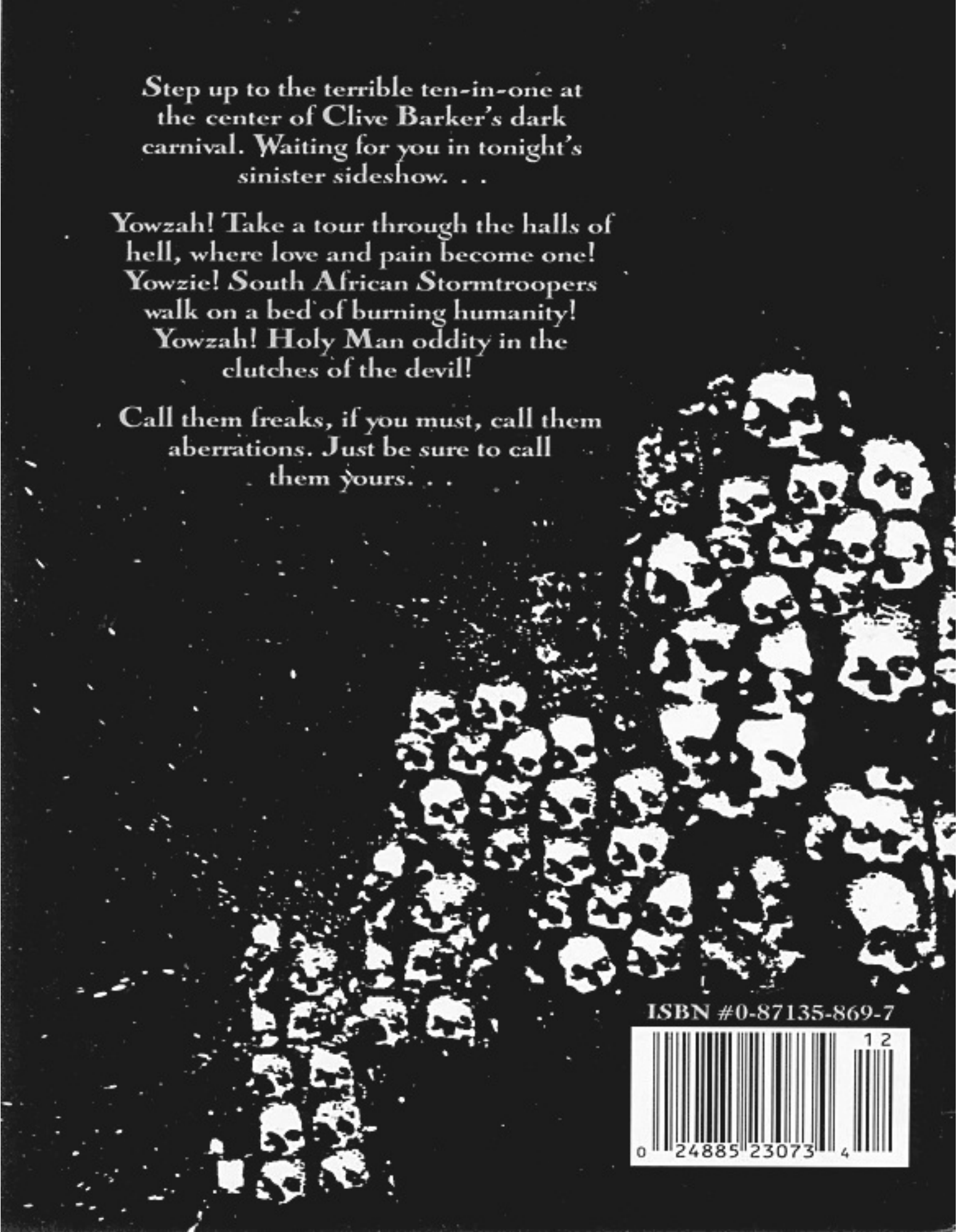
Step up to the terrible ten-in-one at the center of Clive Barker's dark carnival. Waiting for you in tonight's sinister sideshow. . .

Yowzah! Take a tour through the halls of hell, where love and pain become one! Yowzie! South African Stormtroopers walk on a bed of burning humanity! Yowzah! Holy Man oddity in the clutches of the devil!

Call them freaks, if you must, call them aberrations. Just be sure to call them yours. . .



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